A FORTY-NINER

Interesting Letter Written By Mr. Peter Tinsley Fiftyseven Years Ago.

TELLS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Life in the Mines and the Effect of Surroundings on Religious Men.

The following interesting letter, telling of the hardships of the forty-miners in California, was written by Mr. Peter Tinsley, who is still living near Forest Hill Park, to Mr. William D. Pemberton, the grandfather of Mr. W. L. Slaughter, who loaned it to The Times-Dispatche Curits Creek, Alta, Cal., Cet. 20, 184]. (Redated Nov. 4, 1849, and finished.) Mr. William D. Pemberton: Remembered Friend,—Your letter of the 14th of June was received a few days since, and I can assure you it affords me no little pleasure to reply to it, not-

me no little pleasure to reply to it, not-withstanding I have nothing of interest communicate. I am glad that I had

withstanding I have nothing of interest to communicate. I am glad that I had the chance of giving you something in my last letter which induced you to call it "interesting," and ann aiso glad to hear that by some I am thought of enough at times to call forth the inquiry, "where is he?" etc. As you see by the superscription, I am at "Curtis Creek," and where, say you, is "Curtis Creek," Well, I will endeavor to answer this question, and tell you how I came here. After leaving Panama on the 21st of April inst (or thereabouts, as I cannot remember dates with a great deal of precision) we had a pretty good time at sea until 27th of May, when, in consequence of our getting short of water, we had to make port at Acapulco. Of Acapulco I need say nothing, or only that it is an old place, once much celebrated for its commerce, and now much worse than most persons would think. It was in 1837 visited by an earthquake and nearly destroyed, but the houses which escaped the shock were pulled down and single story houses erected in their places. The fort which commands which escaped the shock were pulled down and single story houses erected in their places. The fort, which commands the entrance to the harbor, still stands, showing the effects of the shock it then received, as it is now very uneven, having the center, much higher than the northern and southern corners, cracked through and through.

Maxicare Stop Pines

Mexicans Stop Pipes.

Mexicans Stop Pipes.

Having gotten our water on board (with no little difficulty, in consequence of the Mexicans having obstructed the pipes which conducted the water to the city from the mountains during the last few years to prevent an American whale ship from getting water), we put to sea, and was once more on "The deep blue sea" on the 1st of June. During the part of our voyage between this place and Cape Saint Lucas, we had nothing very remarkable to happen, but some very severe gales, and "a few" thunder and lightning. We were then compelled to put into the land again in order to get water and provisions, as we were very put into the land again in order to get water and provisions, as we were very nigh out of both, making the liarbor on the afternoon of the 26th of June. This place is very barren in its general appearance, nothing growing except cactus and a kind of grass which appears never to have had life. The cactus here are very large and some very handsome. We here watered our old "brig," laid in about thirty tons of ballast, butchered and Jerked some twelve or fourteen head of cattle, and put out to sea on the 1st day of July. We then ran out for a few days, and tacking towards the land, came day of July. We then ran out for a few days, and tacking towards the land, came very nigh being wrecked of "Cape Lazaro" on the 19th July. The capitaln was (as was usually the case) drunk, and the sand-bars making very far out at this place, we came within a few rods of the sand-bars and rocky shoals before any of the passengers saw them. The order then came from the first mate, "Ready about." We were then the first time in a dangerous situation, a strong wind blowing us right on towards the shoal and scarcely room enough to turn our old and stubborn craft, the surf almost deafening and the spray almost reaching old and stubborn craft, the surf almost deafoning and the spray almost reaching our bows. The passengers many of them were very much frightened and put on their life preservers, caught hold of pieces of timber, etc., in order to be prepared for the expected "water launch," but happily the time had not yet arrived, and we came round and off as we went. Many of those who looked the stoutest, also looked the palest, whilst many others with their still fear-stricken countenances denied the slightest alarm and hooted at the idea of fear, saying that nances denied the slightest alarm and hooted at the idea of fear, saying that they could not, though the vessel had they could not, though the vessel, sunk, but their countenances betrayed

Search for Water.

Search for Water.

As for me, I was never before nor have ever since been so alarmed, and, indeed, I think if we do not fear death we have no streat pleasure in life. Having on the 26th of July examined our water, we found that we had very little, and concluded that we must put in formore, entering a place calleft "San Bartholomews," latitude 27 minutes, 44 seconds, longitude 115 seconds, at which place we expected to find water, it being an old Spanish mission (as marked on the obart by which the captain was

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Are a source of pleasure. Be the costume never so lovely, unless it is finished and completed by a pair of beautiful, well-fitting, stylish shoes, it s a failure, and you are not well-

Opinion as to the "correct" thing in shoe is a matter of environment. The Filipino can get along very well with-out any, but in our community to be well-shod at this season of the year

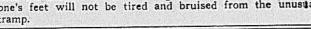
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afternoon of Sunday, 29th July. (I would have you notice that we made would have you notice that we made Acapulco on Sunday, and Cape Saint Lucas also on Sunday, As we had not time on this day to make search for water, we went to work to ascertain how much water we had on board, and found only about 300 gallons and this for 183 persons. Early on Monday the captain and some of the passengers started to the shore to look for the settlement and see what chance there was for getting water, but soon returned, saying they could see no water, or signs of any human habitation, which shocked us all very much. We then concluded that we would divide ourselves in little parties and go in different directions and dig for water, so went all round the hay and sunk several wells, each one as fruitless as the first, giving sait water. On one occasion we thought we had it sure, on going to a little ravine where we saw a few staves stuck up in a kind of circle, on which was written "Dig, my hardles. F. S., 1846." At this place we dug manfully for more than an hour, and the result was we came to salt water, as we had done on every other trial. We then fully for more than an hour, and the result was we came to salt water, as we
had done on every other trial. We then
went on board and the captain determined to give us one pint of water per
duy and cook nothing, giving us two
cakes of navy bread per day as our
meals. This was quite a new thing to
us to be on so short an allowance, and
this, too, on going out from land to make
another port. another port.

ing night and day, eight gallons in the twenty-four hours exclusive of the wastages, which would, of course, take place with a machine so incomplete as ours. We, however, made the island of "Cerros" on the evening of August 1st. The captain and six or eight of the passengers went ashore, the 'vessel "lying off and on" until their return; they remained on shore and returned with the sad intelligence that there was no water on the island. We then had to make our way for the nearest port which we could learn of. This seemed to be the Spanish Mission of San Ramon, which is situated on the coast, latitude 30 minutes 55 seconds. Ungitude 116 minutes 25 seconds. We had, therefore, in order to keep our We had, therefore, in order to keep our selves alive, to keep our little steam apselves alive, to keep our little steam apparatus in continual operation, and as fast as one of our wooden pipes hurst, we had to bore out another. Thus we lived on with two cakes of bread per day until the 8th of August, when our bread gave out, and as we had no fresh provisions, we were compelled to take of the little water we had enough to cook us a meal of rice one day and a meal of beans the next. On the morning of the 11th of August, as we were near land, a good many of the passengers petitioned a good many of the passengers petitioned the captain to put them ashore at the little bay just to the southward of the island of "Rodondo." The captain

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and all."

We, however, wenthered it out and made the port of "San Ramon" on the evening of the 15th of August. I can scarcely call this a port, as it is merely an open roadstead, and not a very safe one, either. We could not come to an anchorage on the afterneon we made the went to him and told him "his vessel should not leave the shore again that night," which very much insuited his little "lordship." He, however, came to an anchorage, and soon had a small cask of water on board which was sooner drunk up than you can imagine. At this place a good many of our pussengers left the vessel to go up to San Diego, and there to take the steamer up to San Francisco, and a good many others left with the determination to foot it up the the vessel to go up to san blego, and there to take the steamer up to San Francisco, and a sood many others left with the determination to foot it up the entire distance. The number that left us at this place was eighty-three, so this left us some one hundred persons on board. After getting some 1,500 gallons of water and some fresh beef on board, which was all that we could get here in the way of entables or drinkables, we were off from San Ramon, or, as it is called by many, "Agua Dulco" (which, in Spanish, is "sweet water"), we were off on the evening of 17th August standing out to the west and south until we had reached out nearly to longitude 1-. seconds, latitude 29 minutes 43 seconds north, when we tacked and ran landward on the 25th of August, making land at the island of San Miguel on the 1st of September, latitude 34 minutes 17 seconds.

A Fish Story.

As "fish stories" seem to take in the times of "golden excitement," I can tell you one, which, if you do not believe, you one, which, if you do not believe, you cannot disprove. When we were coming out the port of San Ramon I saw a shoal of whales, and if I were to say there were 500 you might not believe me, but I will not say more than 250, which I do not think an exaggeration, as far as my judgment goes. Of this kind of fishes it has been said and very truly, too:

Their like, earth bears not on his spacious face;

face; Alone in Nature stands this dauntless

His pastimes like a caldron boll the flood, His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea.
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sallors point where he hath
been.

Captain Drunk.

Captain Drunk.

But to my travel. On the 6th of September, as we were rounding Point Conception, there came up a tremendous northwest wind, which blew with so much violence that we were compelled to lay-to, and there came the time when it required all the skill of a sober and cool-headed mariner to manage the vessel, but could you have seen our captain, as drunk as he could be, and the crew more than half-drunk, with our vessel sometimes tossed almost on her beams-end and then bows under water, you would have said it would have been no pity and nothing wrong to have drowned him as soon as he was sobered enough to know what drowning was. This gale lasted with increasing violence through the night of the 5th and opened This gale lasted with increasing violence through the night of the 5th and opened on the 7th more violent than before, so our captain concluded that he could not make the port of Monterey without running more risk than he wished, or than the passengers would submit to, put his vessel "about" to make the port of Santa Barbara, a place which we could have gone into several days before. I can asure you I was in favor of going into Santa Barbara or any other place, from which I hoped to leave the old craft, and never trust myself on her again; for in which I hoped to leave the old craft, and never trust myself on her again; for in spite or all our convictions of safety and the resolutions to meet whatever might come with firmness and fortitude, the imagination, startled by the creaking of the masts, and piping of the winds and the splitting of the sails—for we lost both our mainsail and foresail—would descend to the bottom of the ocean and survey the horrors of such a death as some of us seemed to think awaited us. Therefore, on the evening of the 7th of Soptember, as we were running for Santa Barbara under easy sail, making

Which in our way that moment had chanced to fall,

We would have eat her, olive branch and all."

We, however, weathered it out and made the port of "San Ramon" on the good many acquaintances, all of whom We, however, weathered it out and made the port of "San Ramon" on the evening of the 18th of August. I can scarcely call this a port, as it is merely an open roadstead, and not a very safe one, either. We could not come to an anchorage on the afternoon we made the place, but the captain weat ashore and found there was plenty of water, came on board drunk, stood out to sea, saying "he did not know in what place to anchor, but must return in the morning, when he could sound and find a good annehors, but must return in the morning, when he could sound and find a good annehors, but the stood out to sea, saying "he did not know in what place to anchor, but must return in the morning, when he could sound and find a good annehors, but must return in the morning, when he could sound and find a good annehors, but must return in the morning, when he could sound and find a good annehors, out of sight of land and a thick fog to cut our way through. Very fortunately for us, however, the mist cleared away, and we were about forty miles to the southward of our port and a strong northwest wind to beat against. This was too provoking, to think that we had been in a cable's longth of good water, and had left it and been blown forty miles off in a few hours. The old vessel this day seemed to beat manfully, and at 4 o'clack in the afternoon we again saw the little white flag on shore (the land-mark), and the passengers becoming a little alarmed lest our captain should not wish to come to anchorage, and soon had a small closed. On the morning and my the Charles Ayres, and a good many acquaintances, all of when we we well and in soon day spits. I stopped on board which was sooner of the bar of sea of the Mariana for several lights, until our old brig came in, which is usually made in twenty-five or they for the stip of the Sh October, making the trip of 165 days; nearly stamonts making, but an equal distance to the short little will be should be short time of 165 days; nearly stamonts making, but an equal distance the time from the again see, a good many mustangs or wild horses or cattle, a great many deer and a good, large flock of antelopes.

Of San Francisco I suppose I need only say the whole town looks like the streets of a large city in the neighborhood of a large fire, which is still burning, boxes.

San Francisco.

of a large city in the neighborhood of a large fire, which is still burning, boxes bales, barreis and bags, in the most complete and entire confusion all around the landings and the same confusion and bustle, which is generally seen in a city in the neighborhood of a large and still burning fire, is seen there throughout the city. Labor is very dear, though scarce, as there are a great many persons there who are merely looking around and catching up little jobs in order to get hold of some ready money. You would laugh if you could see some of our Virginia lanwers and doctors carrying the hold and wheeling dirt, though they are doing it, be it said to their praise. I worked some little in San Francisco and received one dollar an hour for my labor, which is the usual price for jobbing. I made, however, arrangements for leaving San Francisco and was off on the morning of \$th October for Stockton, and thence to the pixel at which my letter is written. I arrived at Stockton on the 13th and put out from there on the 15th for the diggings, passing the "Stanislaus" River on the 18th at Knight's Ferry. This is surely one of the prettiest places I ever saw, and if there was anything in the world to induce a man to settle thereabouts besides the scenery, I should be pleased to do so. The river here has a natural dam about thirty feet wide, over which the water runs about eight or ten inches in depth. That part of the rivor which is dammed up appears to be about fifty feet deep, and you can see the firsh and salmon for twenty feet beneath the surface, the water is so clear. The mountains here form a most beautiful curve, and would almost induce one to think themseives at Harpor's Ferry If they were to be awakened without a knowledge of their whereabouts. I arrived at the diggings on Friday, 9th October, passing through what is called "Wood's old diggings" very early in the morning, and for the first time saw the miners at their work digging and washing dirt in great contusion and apparently in great haste, though I have fo

At the Mines.

I there passed a few miles farther, and came to what is called "Wood's new diggings," a place at which they have no water to wash with packing the dirt on their backs in bags to a creek about a mile to wash it, and it still pays them very well for this trouble. So I suppose when they can get rain enough to form some holes for washing, this will enable to make a great deal more with less trouble. I got over to my "home" on the evening of the 19th and pitched my trouble. I got over to my "home" on the evening of the 19th and pitched my little tent, and put things to rights by night. On Saturday and Sunday we looked around a little in order to determine on a place to commence operations on Monday morning. There is camping with me at present a Scotchman, who came up in company with me on the same vessel from Panama (and he is surely one of the most particular men in surely one of the most particular men in the observance of the Sabbath I ever the observance of the Sabbath I ever saw), who amused me very much on the first Sabbath day we arrived here. We were all sitting around campfire. I was serving and had been washing. He had been reading his Bible a few minutes, when he laid down the book, observing as he did it, "It's no use; I cannot think of my Bible to-day, for my mind is too much occupied with the thoughts of the morrow," and for the first time I heard him say he could not keep that day as morrow," and for the first time I heard dinner. If you have your hole with two him say he could not keep that day as became a Christian. There is a gentle-ning, you will have as many foot in it in



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pelled to work with wet feet all the time, of a log house in which to winter ourknees, whilst you are stopping to eat
dinner. If you have your hole with two
or three inches of water in it in the evening, you will have as many feet in it in
the morning, which must be taken out the water frequently rising up to your kness, whilst you are stopping to cat dinner. If you have your hole with two mone of us seemed to think awaited us his specified with the including of the first sharps are running for a seemed to think awaited to his population, as well as the morning of the 19th at a place some filtie to the northword of his population of the seemen and the seemen an

home. I am very thankful for your kind advice to me concerning the "New Jerusalem," and expect some day to profit by it, but am still awalting a more convonient season, hoping that I may be spared "yet another day." Tell Mrs. Anne Pearce and Mrs. Mary F. Green that I suppose by this time they have something to bother their heads with besides courting and being courted. With the hope that you will soon see some of our folks, and either show them this letter or tell them all the news 2nd give them (with others of my acquaintance) my love and best respects I must remain very respectfully, with my love to yourself, home. I am very thankful for your kind

Your old friend and acquaintance

P. TINSLEY.
P. S.—Keep this letter far from the Republican office as you can, and if you cannot read it very fast remember it is written on the back of my shovel, as my desk is not here exactly.
Tell little Herbort Jacobs, my little nephew, that I have the lump which I promised him, but that I have no means of sending it, but that he must be a good boy, and when I come home, if not before, I shall remember and fill my promise.

P. T.

Artificial Sea Breezes.

They are making everything in Ger-many newadays, including artificial sea many nowadays, including artificial sea breezes. At Bad Naubhelm the water from the sait springs is carried to the top of a hedge, thirty feet high, several yards thick and many hundred yards in length. The water trickles down through this hedge, evaporating as it falls. The air circulating through the hedge becomes cold and the summer visitors congregate on the benches to leeward, reveiling in the sait breezes.

Billy Bleecker (vaguely) If he wuz n'i gittin' sle

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